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515
A NEW

1502/89.

Historical, Political, Satyrical,

Burlesque O D E,

ON THAT MOST

Famous EXPEDITION, of all EXPEDITIONS,

Commonly called, The GRAND

Secret Expedition,

As it was PERFORMED

By the A U T H O R,

At a late HIGH BORLACE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the A U T H O R, and sold by J. GRAFFENHEIM, at
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MDCCLVII.

[Price Six-Pence.]



O D E

On the Grand



SECRET EXHIBITION.

RECOGNITION

to the friends of the cause

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On the GRAND

SECRET EXPEDITION.

RECITATIVE.



O more let Fame disturb our Ears,

With *British* Feats in antient Wars;

I sing, ye *Britons*, join the Lay,

The Glories of a *Modern Day*:

Thy Trump, O Fame, in Repetition,

Shall sound the SECRET EXPEDITION.

Tune, *What is greater Joy and Pleasure, &c.*

Come and listen to the Dity,

All ye Friends of *Britain* bold;

Foreign Nations lend your Pity,

As we've often lent you Gold,

Do not scoff our sad Condition,

Nor indulge your little Spite,

For the SECRET EXPEDITION,

Once so *dark*, is come to *light*.

There

There was an old Woman liv'd on the Moor.

Now it was in the Month of *June* or *July*,
 Seventeen Hundred and Fifty Seven;
 A Scheme was adjusted duly and truly,
 And Orders to fit out a Fleet were given.

Tol, lol, lol.

This Fleet was so large, so fine and so brave,
 To frighten all *France* it was their Intention;
 Which they might have done, I'll bett two to one,
 Had'nt it been for a d——d C—nv—t—n.

Tol, lol, lol.

Chevy Chace.

How this C—nv—t—n came about,
 Attend and you shall hear;
 And soon you'll smell the Humbug out.
 A Humbug 'twill appear.

Kitty beautiful and young.

There was an old Man had a House,
 A very fine House had he;
 As fine a Place as ever was,
 Or is in G——y.
 Some scurvy *Frenchmen* came that Way,
 Who full of Wrath and Ire;
 Declared they'd plunder all his Land,
 And set his *House* on Fire.

Chevy Chate.

This old Man he had sent his Son,
 A mighty Man of War;
 To thrash the Rascals ev'ry one,
 But, ah! he did not dare.

Ally

Ally Croker.

Now this Hero they valued, not off a Bin; Sir,
They soon found out Means, for to block him in; Sir;
Then strait they began, for to bluster and vapour,
Which frightened the Hero, to put Pen to Paper:

Alarm'd with Fear and Apprehension,
He sign'd the H—r C—nv—t—n.

At Llanwore, Cor. pless bar.

Ah! what cou'd he do in this piteful Plight,
'Twas now, Sirs, in vain for to run or to fight;
When his Father's fine House was possess'd by a Stranger,
Don't you think, my Good Friends, it was greatly in
Danger?

Oh! the House of his Father, his Father's fine House,
That a Million *per* Year out of E—d did chouse,
And made the *lean Briton* sh—t small as a Mouse;
Pray was it not, look you, a plentyful House.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Britannia now aghast! beheld her Fate,
But as the Duce wou'd have it — 'twas too late!
For, ah! the Fleet so lately fitted out,
To scour *Rochelle*, and all the Coast about;
Now found themselves too weak, the *French* too stout.

A Cocker there was, &c.

But the Truth of this Weakness is easily gueſt at,
And may ſerve very well for all *Europe* to jeſt at;
Strait a Sloop was diſpatch'd for to call back the Fleet,
For Fear they ſhou'd ſtay—till they'd Nothing to eat.

Derry down.

Then

Then away they turn'd back in devilish Hurry,
Which put the rough Tars in a Rage and a Fury;
And while we were dreaming at Home, 'Sblood and Ounds!
They all arrived *safe* and *secure* in the Downs.

Derry down.

What a Joy must it be to a Nation, like *Britain*,
To see such a Fleet *safe return'd* and *unbeaten*;
What less can be done on so GREAT AN OCCASION,
Than a DAY of THANKSGIVING and Joy through the NATION.

Derry down, down, &c.

F I N I S.

